

of the "White Day of Rydalton" which Yorkshire boys & girls might learn <sup>by heart</sup> with great advantage, not only because it contains a wonderful word-pictures of this part of Yorkshire Wharfedale, & because the story is that open important event in the history of Yorkshire; but because both the thoughts & the language of the poem are so beautiful that when the lines run through your brain at unexpected moments, you are filled with sudden pleasure, as at the sound of most sweet music, or the sight of a great picture.

This is how the poem closes: -

"And night across the verdant cool  
Towards the very house of God,  
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,  
Comes gliding in serene & slow,  
Soft & silent as a dream,  
A solitary Doe!

Whit she is as a lily of June,  
And beautes as the silver moon  
When out of sight the clouds are driven,  
And she is left alone in heaven.

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And hers are eyes serenely bright,  
And on the moon, with pale moonlight!  
Nor spared to strop her head, & taste  
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;  
And in this way she gares, till at last  
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave  
In quietness she lay her down:  
Gently as a weary wave  
Links, when the summer breeze hath died,  
Against an anchor'd vessel's side,  
Even so, without distress, doth she  
Lie down in peace, & livingly." WORDSWORTH

### The Boy of Rengmore.

A Legend of the Foundry of Bolton Abbey

Half a mile above the Abbey, in a space of some  
three hundred yards the Wharfe cuts its way  
through a ravine. The walls, plumbed, moss-  
grown boulders, rise sheer from the river, ~~each~~  
+ ell, curiously straight & tall, reach up into  
the light from the river's brink. The banks are  
not thickly wooded here, but every square yard has a  
rich carpet of bracken, harts-tongue, & hyacinth. Clarry  
stitchwort, under blue clouds of forget-me-not, patches of  
red campion & yellow primrose, ~~fall in a hollow~~, <sup>fall in a hollow</sup> with shading  
purple moss.

The rocks draw together, chutting in the river,  
great masses of the oddest shapes, rounded by the  
wear of the water when "Wharff" is in flood. Here in  
the channel, as nicely carved stalls on the grass-  
or

or, are they the couches of the river nymphs? - and  
caskets-like shapes with a sombre black fringe  
that an undertaker might envy; & 'pot-holes' round,  
sometimes three or four feet deep.

Closer draw the rocks, & the river flows between, deep  
& still, but a line of light foam in mid-stream  
tells of recent trouble. By and by, so narrow is  
the opening that a man may leap across, a fearful  
leap, for the waters are deep below, but many try  
it, & the great rocks on a neighbouring tree stand  
at what risk. "This striding place is called 't Strid'.

"What is good for a boottless bens?"

With these dark words begin my tale;  
And their meaning is, "There can comfort spring,  
When prayer is gone avail?"

"What is good for a boottless bens?"

The falconer to the lady said;  
And she made answer, "Endless sorrow!"  
For she knew that her son was dead.

- Young Ronilly through Barden Wood  
Is ranging high a low;  
And holds a greyhound in a leash  
To let slip upon buck or doe.

And the pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
How tempting to bestride!  
In lordly Wharfe is there pent in  
With rocks on either side.

This striding place is called "t Strid,"  
A name which it - tooks of you;  
A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
And shall, a thousand more.

He sprang in glee, In what feared he  
That the river was strong, the rocks were deep!  
But the greyhound in the leash held back,  
And check'd

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And hither is young Romilly come,  
And what may now forbids  
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
Shall bound across "the Strid"?

He sprang in glee, - for what cared he  
That the river was strong, & the rocks were steep!  
- But the prey bound in the leath hung back,  
And check'd him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
And strangled by a merciless force;  
And never more was young Romilly seen,  
Till he rose a lifeless corpse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,  
And long unpeaking sorrow:  
And Wharf shall be to pitying hearts,  
A name more sad than Garrow.

And the lady prayed in heaviness  
That look'd not for relief!  
But slowly did her succors come  
And a patience to her grief.

Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
And her first words were, "Let that be  
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
A stately priory!"

The stately priory was rear'd  
And Wharf as he moved along,  
To matins join'd a mournful voice,  
Nor fail'd at evensong.

Wodehouse;

Just above the Strid is a cataract, a slight fall of  
some six or eight-feet, where the shale of Wharf come,  
tumbling through a narrow opening - an endless spray  
of amber beads. Below the fall, that - a hurrying and

and churning, what a heaving & rattling! Rivers you see none, save that the rocky basins are filled with 'working' geest, still, blown and into corners here & there, as heaps of prot. Stone this tumult, the river flows deep still in a narrow channel since it has carved out of the ~~grinding~~ <sup>the river, like</sup> rock. Presently, the ravine opens out, ~~the river, like~~ a shining blue path stretches away into the heart of the woods.

### The Shepherd Lord.

Up the valley we follow the river into great depths, & behold, on a brow in the heart of the woods, a ruined tower grey & broken down amidst the soft spring verdure, like an old old man amidst the children. Beyond and above stretches the ~~overhanging~~ hills - to long series of the barren fell. This is Barden Tower, where the gentle Shepherd Lord of Skipton dwelt by choice, though it was but a poor place compared with the great castles which he owned elsewhere.

Perhaps it was because he had not been used to any state that he liked his towers hidden in the woods. For although he was the heir to great estates, he had spent his life early day as a Shepherd-boy; had eaten coarse fare, worn homespun, & dwelt under a Shepherd's lowly Roof.

Why you say. For safety; the first twenty-four years of his life was spent in hiding. So keen was the search made after him that his mother did not dare to bring the child up as the son of a gentleman. The only way to save his life was to bring him up as a peasant's boy of whom ~~soo~~ his

His father was John Lord Clifford, the ninth Lord of the Honour of Shipton, the 'Black-faced Baron' who earned the title of the 'Butcher' in the battle of Tewkesbury, of which we shall have more to say shortly. During the Wars of the Roses he fought for the Red Cross of Lancaster, supported Henry VI & his Queen, Margaret, & was a adherent of the Red Rose <sup>the Lancastrian</sup> after the victory of Tewkesbury. But <sup>in the 14th year</sup> the battle of Tewkesbury was fought, the greatest battle in the long war, in which the Yorkists gained a great victory. The house of Lancaster was utterly crushed. Clifford himself fell the night before the battle, but he leaving a widow & three fatherless children; <sup>his</sup> <sup>they</sup> <sup>now</sup> <sup>then</sup> fell to the hatred & revenge of the Yorkist King, Edward IV.; so that after the battle of Tewkesbury there was no hope for them but in flight & concealment.

The lands of the 'Black-faced Baron' were seized by the Crown, but Lady Clifford contrived to save her two sons by putting them in hiding. The second boy, she sent to the Netherlands, & the elder, a boy of seven, she caused to be Lord Clifford in his father's room. She carried with her & her father's estate of Londesborough in Yorkshire.

But the boy would not have been safe ~~had he been left to grow up amongst his own people;~~ so his mother placed him under the care of Stephen who had married a maid out of her nursery. And amongst the Stephen's boys, a son of themselves, young Clifford grew up, receiving little notice from his mother's people, we may be sure, for these were ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> years evil. Any news of a shepherd boy much noticed by his betters would awaken the suspicion of a king.

"None who is to that country with joy

On Carrack's side, -  
 No knight with his host, though that pass,  
 Carrack's also with the bitter bairns.  
 In secret, like a sunstrued flame?  
 O a shew with thankful tears we shed  
 For shelter, & a poor man's bread!  
 God loves the child, & God hath will'd  
 That those dear words should be fulfill'd,  
 The lady's words when forced away,  
 The last she beth bade did say,  
 'My son, my son, thy fellow-guest -  
 I may not be: but rest me, rest  
 Thy lowly shepherd's life is rest!'

And as a shepherd to his own the Yorkshire moors  
 He grew up until he was fourteen; when a  
 rumour reached the court that a son of the  
 black-faced Clifford <sup>was</sup> liv'd in hiding upon the  
 Yorkshire moors. When this report reached his  
 mother, she had her boy brought to the village  
 of Shrelheld in Cumberland; for she had  
 married Sir Lancelot Shrelheld, and, though  
 he was a Yorkist, -

"Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat  
 To nobl Clifford; from among  
 concealed the persecuted boy.  
 Well pleased in rustic part to feed  
 His flock, spied on shepherd's need  
 Among this multitude of hills,  
 Crags, woodland, waterfalls, and all."

"Sir Clifford was a happy youth,  
 And manly though a weery time,  
 That brought him up to manhood & prime,  
 Again he wanders forth at will,  
 And tends a flock from hill to hill.  
 His part was humble; never was seen  
 Such part with such a nobl master;

Among the shepherd groves no mate  
 Hath he, a child of strength & estate;  
 Yet lacks not friends for solemn play,  
 And a cheerful company,  
 That learned of him submissive say,  
 And comforted his private days.  
 To his side the gallant Deer  
 Came, crested without fear;  
 The aged, lord of land & sea,  
 Stoop'd down to pay him fealty;  
 And with th' undying wish that swain  
 Through Bowescale Yarn did wait on him!

At last, after four <sup>successive</sup> years of peasant life,  
 a change of came: <sup>the battle of Bosworth.</sup> The battle of Bosworth was  
 fought; the Yorkists were finally crushed; & Henry  
 of the house of Lancaster, <sup>was crowned King.</sup> ascended the throne  
 as Henry VII. Soon after he married Elizabeth  
 the daughter of Edward IV, of the house of York,  
 so that, in the King & Queen,

~~"Both~~ roses flourish, red & white  
 In love & sisterly delight  
 The two that were at ~~strife~~ are blent  
 And all old troubles now are ~~spent~~?

And now, Many buried families were  
 restored to their possessions, & amongst  
 them, the Clifffords, our loyal & hearty  
 supporters of the house of Lancaster. From his  
 retreat amongst <sup>as in ye fiftieth year</sup> the Cumbrian Hills, the  
 Shepherd Lord emerged to become the tenth  
 Lord of the Honour of Shipton. His mother lived  
 to see his joyful restoration & to be present  
 at the great "Feast of Shropshire Castle", the story  
 of which Wordsworth tells in the "Song" from which  
 we have made so many extracts. And there  
 was great rejoicing not only in Shropshire <sup>but</sup>

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but in all the stately castles of the Clifford's, scattered  
over the northern counties.

But the bold Shepherd, now become a great noble, was  
in no haste to forget the past:-

"Love had he found in her who poor over life;

His daily teachers had been woods & hills,-

Nor did he change nor ever forget the wisdom he had  
learnt in adversity, & under his kindly rule,-

"Old was the valley, revering cottage hearth;

The Shepherd Lord was honoured more & more:

And, ages after he was laid in earth,

"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore."

Wordsworth.

With half a dozen great castles to choose from,  
his favourite dwelling place was the solitary tree  
of Barden; this may have been because the monks  
of Bolton Abbey were within easy reach, & they  
were friends more to his mind than the  
belligerent barons who were now his peers. In  
while a shepherd upon the lonely hills, his  
delight had been to watch the stars, & he had  
obtained much knowledge of astronomy; & had,  
besides, strange notions as to the influence  
the stars had upon the lives of men. Therefore the  
company of men who cared for such studies  
was more pleasant to him than that of the  
warlike lords, ~~who were now his peers~~.

But the good Lord Henry did not neglect his  
duties of his station. His descendants, the  
Lady Anne Clifford, countess of <sup>honest</sup> Raby, a more  
wise, valiant & noble lady than ~~ever~~ describes him  
as "a plain man, who lived for the most  
part a country life, & was seldom either to  
court or London, excepting when called to Parliament  
or"